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Commercial Advertiser.

For the Commercial Advertiser.

Jonathan and his Sons.

A BALLED FOR THE TIMES.

When Jonathan was grown a man,
He was a bold and valiant Sire,
That, rather than be ruled by
Old Britain, he would fight, Sirs;
And, though rebled, Jonathan
Young Jonathan was right, Sirs.

GROVES.

Jonathan a rebel was,
Jonathan when young, Sirs,
A bold and valiant Sire,
Would be bold, Sirs;
The battle would be won,
For all they said, and sang, Sirs,

But Jonathan, now older grown,
Is not the man of your Sirs,
His great success, prosperity,

He's a bold and valiant Sire,

Has turned him from his principles —

He's to the core! Sirs.

Jonathan a rebel was, &c.

The declaration which he made,

About the King, was right, Sirs,

When first against his mother he

Upset an armed host, Sirs,

He, too, fought well, Sirs,

Or will not understand, Sirs,

Jonathan a rebel was, &c.

And when, of late, he rebelled,

True offspring of the Sire, Sirs,

As bold and valiant Sire,

High-spirited, too, Sirs,

Would baptize him all in blood,

And scourge him sound and five, Sirs,

— Jonathan a rebel was, &c.

And in his pride of power and place,

He made an oration,

At once his high authority,

The pride of his high station,

How he'd made himself and them,

A great and mighty nation,

Jonathan a rebel was, &c.

The declaration which he made,

True offspring of the Sire, Sirs,

As bold and valiant Sire,

High-spirited, too, Sirs,

Would baptize him all in blood,

And scourge him sound and five, Sirs,

— Jonathan a rebel was, &c.

With us, he's a rebel, &c.

That judgment comes, and goes, Sirs,

In seventeen hundred seventy-six,

Past seventy years ago, Sirs,

How we have suffered, Sirs,

How we have toiled, Sirs,

And know, that, should we come to blows,

With you, like lie the same, Sirs,

— Jonathan a rebel was, &c.

With us, he's a rebel, &c.

That judgment comes, and goes, Sirs,

In seventeen hundred seventy-six,

Past seventy years ago, Sirs,

How we have suffered, Sirs,

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And know, that, should we come to blows,

With you, like lie the same, Sirs,

— Jonathan a rebel was, &c.

But why enumerate the wrongs,

That we have suffered before, Sirs,

A numerous list which you

Have heard and known before, Sirs,

Enough! The world shall judge, when

A few years hence, Sirs,

Jonathan a rebel was, &c.

And at their will—which is the law,

And by our own command, Sirs,

We have been driven from the new,

Unto the old, Sirs,

And when we say for our right,

You smile with the hand, Sirs,

— Jonathan a rebel was, &c.

And when you have suffered much,

Else, would the sword be drawn? Sirs,

— Mandate are apt?—you say, Sirs,

Our brothers, those adverse to us,

Have made their mark, Sirs,

And when we say for our right,

You smile with the hand, Sirs,

— Jonathan a rebel was, &c.

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